A

Serious Expostulation

With *E. B.* an Eminent

QUAKER,

About his Late

BREAKING,

For neer

Forty thousand pounds.

A great part whereof was

MONEYS

OF THE

QUAKERS

Publique-Stock.

Printed for *F. C.* in the Year, 1673.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE QUAKERS EXCHEQUER Shut up, &c.

MY Friends! is it ſo, that our Friend *B. E.* the Zealous, the Induſtrious, the Famous *B. E.* is ſtart aſide? has he miſ-imployed his talents, and is now marched off with his intruſted ſhekles? is the inſurance of the light become a vain thing, inſolent as the *Amſterdam* bank, and deceitful as our *Quot Quondam* publique Faith? Are we like to be fob'd off with nothing for our money, but a pitiful whining paper in print, that ſeems to tell us we ne'r are like to have any: That very money which we had induſtriouſly raiſed from all parts

of the Nation to ſupport our party, and carry on our deſigns, to convert the Pope, and reduce the [illegible] with *Preſter John*, and the Cham of *Tar-*[illegible] to the obedience of the Light; and are all theſe hopeful proiects we were brewing, now turned into froths? plainly I tell thee *E. B.* it was a very great miſcarriage, hadſt thou run in debt only to the wicked, taken up money of the uncircumciſed in heart, Morgaged each of thy new built Houſes a douzen times, to ſome ſcoffing *Iſhmaelite*, that prides himſelf in the *Babiloniſh* Acouterments, Golden Chain and Fur-Gown, all this had been Juſtifiable; the *Iſraelite* had then only ſpoiled the *Ægyptian*, and the *Beloved Seed* deſtroyed the *Amalikite*: for we know, notwithſtanding the Humane Invention of propriety, and theſe two firebrands of the World, *meum* and *tuum*, the good things of the Creator are ſtill ſolely the right of the Saints; That the wicked are only Robers, Deceivers, and may Juſtly be turned out, or ſtript of their uſurped Riches, when ever we the Godly, by form or fraud can clearly diſpoſſeſs them; but on the contrary, that Satans Kingdom ſhould be divided: that *Simeon* ſhould rifle *Levi*; that thou ſhouldeſt go to ruine thy own precious Piety, and contrary to the Nature of all other Beaſts, prey upon thy own kind thus; Ah! verily this is filthy, unatural, and abominable, which a thouſand Lights within thee can neither warrant nor excuſe.

Knoweſt thou not right well, our Friend, that great Gain is Godlineſs, that he in this Age is worſe then an Infidel that layeth not up ſome thouſands for his Family? that the main ſcope of our Profeſſion is money-catching; that the Original of our falling out with Lawn and Ribbons, of Thouing folks, dealing at a Word, and other little tricks, was only the more unſuſpectedly to Gull the ſimple and credulous of their

their pence; and that our whole Religion is as subtilly, and no less designedly Adopted for getting of an estate, then that of *Mahomet*, for obtaining the worlds Empire; and couldst thou run counter to all these good Principles, or remain (like *Gideon's* Fleece) dry) when the dew of a well-carried, and industerous deceit waters most of thy fellows, and renders them plump and flourishing? wouldest thou suffer thy self to sink (I say) decline, crack, and break, and fall into an incurable Consumption, to the great grief (because of thy great Loss) of friends, and triumph of the wicked, whose very Children (may, she bears, devour them) now prophainly sing through the streets of *Ashkalon* this Song of Derision.

All flesh is but dust,
There is no more trust
In a Saint, then in an old Soaker,
For the serious man
Will cheat if he can,
And a Quaker *turn a* Broaker.

VVhose foolish Dun comes
Along biting his thumbs,
And must take his yea, and nay,
That the Light within
Does vote it a sin,
But the Devil a penny he'l pay.

But

But tell us Friend, by what means comeſt thou thus exceſſively to run (as the heatheniſh Proverb is) *Behind the Conſtable* , there was no General Contagion , nor publique fire for thee to take the advantage of , nor does thy paper pretend that any extraordinary Loſſes by truſting were the occaſion ; In the name of Wonder and Riddle , how comes it then to paſs : Certain it is no order of the Romiſh Fryers Lives more frugal in General then our friends, of whom thou (very unhappily for us) always didſt pretend to walk as one : for though we love good Belly-timber as well as ever did *Apicius Epicurus* , or any more modern Glutton , yet we always provide it thriftily , and at the beſt hand.

When we have a mind to ſolace our Spirits with a brisk glaſs of the Creature , we do not run hoiting to the Taverns, and there in a frolique give a nimble-tong'd-Drawer , or his many Ring'd Miſtris oportunity to cheat us Nine-pence in the Shilling , but ſend for the refreſhing Bottles home , and tope them off in ſecret : And then as for our more private pleaſures , no Men in the world can have them better cheap ; we are ne'r put to the charge of Coach , Sedans , Plays , Masks ; Maſqueradings , running to the Park , Spring-Garden, Mulberry-Garden , or Exchange ; we have no Rich Gowns , tempting Petticoats, Necklaces, Lotkits, Points of Flanders or Venice ; not ſo much as Gloves , fine Knots , or an extraordinary Treat , to draw our purſes before one can expect a kindneſs , as thoſe vain Sons of *Belial* , the Town-Gallants , Vaſſalls of Satan , and Bond-ſlaves to Luſts , are forced to beſtow on the painted Jezabels they call Miſtreſſes , whereas if we find the fleſh mutinous againſt the Spirit , we have no more to do , but to declare of neceſſity to a good natur'd Help-meet, who immediately out of the duty of her Crea-

Creation, upon equal terms, without any Expeative Courtſhip, or being brib'd half a Year with preſents, Adminiſters the Julip, and forthwith without noiſe or notice we return from that work of Generation, to the work of our calling. Theſe things being ſo, and ſince our way does betrench, and take off theſe Rent-Charges of ſuperfluous expence, whereunto others or obnoxious Friends cannot but ſtrange how thou could'ſt conſume thoſe vaſt ſums: and though like *Adam* thou endeavoureſt to lay the Guilt upon the Woman, 'tis thought that is onely becauſe the Creature is ſome time ſince gone out of the Body, and cannot now anſwer for her ſelf, wherefore give us leave plainly to tell the *E. B.* that we fear thy whineing Paper is onely the Fag-end of the Cheat, to colour it up the more plauſibly and that thy numerous and great debts, were not unadviſedly contracted, but indirectly (as thou there ſays) run into with a premeditated deſign to Gull, Rob, and Rook ſuch as gave thee the credit, which is the more ſuſpitious, becauſe thou hadſt taken ſanctuary in one of the Devils peper-boxes that Cage of Vnclean Birds beyond the water.

Nor does this Repentance, Judging, and Condemning ſeem any other then a Juggle, ſince no abſolution can be expected, till reſtitution to ones utmoſt ability; whereas thy paper intimates not one word of reſolution or deſire thou haſt to make the leaſt ſatisfaction to any of thy Creditours, who poor Creatures are as much over-whelmed with ſorrow as thy ſelf; fain we ſee thou wouldſt ſtill keep up thy rotten Repute, and hopes this notorious prank ſhall paſs free from cenſure, wheadling us with the Title of *People of God*, and of a holy, juſt, and true Principle.

But

But *Good words Friend, butter no Parsnips.*

Restore us the Coyn, for be confident we had rather be once more posset of the money, then of as many Good, Holy, and Just Principles, as will be between the *Kings-bench* and *Westminster*.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 16 MAY 22

Adv. Box A 3

A Serious Expostulation With *E. B.* an Eminent QUAKER, About his Late BREAKING: For neer Forty thousand pounds. A great part whereof was MONEYS OF THE QUAKERS Publique-Stock.

OU KHRS

Friends Public Library

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Creation, upon equal terms, without any Expeative Courtship, or being brib'd half a Year with presents, Administers the Julip, and forthwith without noise or notice we return from that work of Generation to the work of our calling. These things being so, and since our way does betrench, and take off these Rent-Charges of superfluous expence, whereunto others or obnoxious Friends cannot but strange how thou could'st consume those vast sums: and though like *Adam* thou endeavoureſt to lay the Guilt upon the Woman, 'tis thought that is onely becauſe the Creature is some time since gone out of the Body, and cannot now answer for her self, wherefore give us leave plainly to tell the *E. B.* that we fear thy whineing Paper is onely the Fag-end of the Cheat, to colour it up the more plausibly and that thy numerous and great debts, were not unadvisedly contracted, but indirectly (as thou there says) run into with a premeditated design to Gull, Rob, and Rook such as gave thee the credit, which is the more suspitious, because thou hadst taken sanctuary in one of the Devils peper-boxes that Cage of Unclean Birds beyond the water.

Nor does this Repentance, judging and condemning seem any other then Juggle, since no absolution can be expected, till restitution to ones utmost abilty: whereas thy paper intimates not one word of resolution or desire thou hast to make the least satisfaction to any of thy Creditours, who poor Creatures are as much over-whelmed with sorrow as thy self, fain we see thou wouldst still keep up thy Rotten Repute, and hopes this notorious prank shall pass free from censure: wheadling us with the title of people of God, and of a holy just and true principle.

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But *Good words*, *Friend*, *butter no Parſnips*:

Reſtore us the Coyn, for be confident we had rather be once more poſſeſt of the Money, then of as many Good, Holy, and Juſt Principles, as will be between the *Kings-bench* and *Weſtminſter*.

FINIS.